

May 29th

First day: I'm on board!--finally--at last. To think that--two days ago--on Thursday to be exact, I was nearly crazy--only an hour to go and no friendly passport had greeted me. Was I standing on my ear? I'll say I was. I packed with fear. As I folded each article carefully I repeated, "to go, or not to go"--"that is the question." All packed up--and no place to go. Two trains a day in the big town, one pulled out, leaving one--which pulled in Toronto four hours after the train left for N.Y. Ye Gods! In fear I drove to the post office and in fear I opened the box--A bulletin and an Enterprise greeted me, for the first time I hated the sight of our town paper! I stood glued to the spot in my despair, until finally some one tapped me gently on the shoulder. "It's here," were the glad words. My heart beat frantically once again and to my great joy I signed with a blessing for "His Majesty's service."

It was then 1:30 PM with four hours to go 100 miles over the worst roads. Punctures or luck? We had luck--went down in 3 hours and no blue tickets to look forward to . Bert done noble! We had time to run in to Aunt Louis and Aunt Kater. I boarded the train and found a cross eyed lady below me. However, she was lucky and the officials were kind so once more I crossed the boarder in safety and great joy.

My abode in N.Y. was a tenth floor room in the Martha Washington Hotel. Know Martha? She's a dear old (emphasized)

lady--and so were her guests. It was lovely there and excellent meals and service. The baggage man was a scream, so Irish "My god my dear child, you'll not carry those bags" so I taxied to the ferry when I left. I met Elise at school and we both were examined. (The doctor told me to drink more water, and me being strictly on the water wagon at all times)> An evening with a book and a box of candy was well spent and next morning I was fresh to start on my hike to the Danish Consul for a visa. I rode miles and miles on the same little nickel on the subway and finally landed in Wall St. Of course I took the wrong street and found the right number a vacant office. In haste I turned away and by following my nose I arrived at the Danish Consul only to find my crusade in vain as my passport was all ready O.K. and my worries had been useless as ever. Back for my luggage and down to the boat.

My porter was about crippled. Again I met Elise and her family. Great was the excitement of saying goodbye. Elise had a time locating the family at the last and her Dad managed to run off the last gangplank. The band played and people waved frantically. I took out my red and white handkerchief (which greatly resembled a Danish flag) and waved to the crown. (I was so glad to see Peggy and only wished she could have stepped off the dock with us.) I wanted to see N.Y. harbour, but what can a growing girl do when a good dinner is being served so thus I was lured away from "Liberty" to sit at a table with Danish people!-- and such a lingo! It seems all the crew indulge too. Elise and I

then wound our way to the pursers abode. Peeped at the kitchen. Saw shining pans and the best of eats. We travelled bow-ward and came up thru steerage and 3rd cabin. The people look quite nice too. The band played off and on--mostly off, and we watched the people below indulge in the odd waltz--mostly odd. The most popular pastime aboard is--to eat. The Danes seem to love coffee. Of course we don't object and thus we are stimulated ever so often and carry on. Nothing could be sweeter--a deck chair a warm blanket--and candy and flowers in your cabin. The Beta Nus were perfectly sweet and gave me the most lovely flowers, lilacs (mauve) snapdragons and white peonies. Isabelle sent me a darling little bag of silk spools, needles and thimbles, and everything. Dot Potter said she sent a book but it didn't arrive in time. Got a nice letter from Buck too. It was thrilling to be remembered at last.

To-night we had the most gorgeous dinner--soup, fish entrée, capon peas, and Danish cake. If Danish cooking is the same in Denmark I'm willing to stay 6 months. The cake was like our Boston cream pie only with a French pastry bottom. It was absolutely delicious. As we passed the 3 mile limit our comrades made the best of it but we remained sober and stately and drank our coffee straight at the short intervals.

The band played loud and long on deck, the new song hits--"follow the swallow," maybe by request as we passed the 3 mile limits--or 12 miles out.

The orchestra was a hot one and the drummer boy did his

stuff reminding me of the late movie "tramp, tramp, tramp"," and I'll say the boys were marching. We did our daily dozen, an occasional sailor roll which was the bun getting warmer and warmer and peeling off coat and coat. Soon it was time to retire so I climbed above and soon was asleep.

photo

8 bells and all is well

May 30/1926, Sunday--2nd day out--and not out yet!

Was greeted this morning by many fog signals which kept up for ages. We heard one answering blast but our ship was saved and we did not clash. As I had a port hole over my feet I could see the moonlight reflected on the glass, shining and dancing. I being a long person could not bend the knees in the usual manner so did not have the heavy sleep I had the night before. I went walking this morning and made a discovery. I had noticed a line over the stern of the boat last night and tried to kid myself we were trolling for whales but to-day I looked over and found it was a rare speedometer and we'd gone about 350 miles.

photo

It was a queer contraption on the stern of the boat--a long line with a wheel which spun about and an instrument which told the milage. We had bullion and crackers at 11 and I forgot the advice--don't eat liquids--just eat and drink and be merry--tomorrow we may get seasick. After lunch we played lazy for a while, then feeling energetic and forgetting the sabbath we played bridge and on to the more strenuous forms of exercise such as skipping and ringing the peg, etc. Gee were we hungry when we went to dinner--and oh the dinner! How I love Danish cooks? Soup (the forbidden fruit), roast duck and oh the parfait was simply delicious. We forgot the rising sea. The more we ate the better we felt and we ate everything that came along. We had to walk our strenuous dinner off and finally after many miles landed in the music room where cards and dancing were indulged in thereby forgetting the day once more. There were really only two alternatives,-one-eat, drink and be merry--or--the other--be and feel miserable. Of course we chose the first. It was fun dancing in a head sea. For once the Charleston became impossible. Sometimes you were left completely in mid-air, the ship deserting you and plunging down from your feet. then surprising you, it came up with a rush, putting you on your feet once more in such a rash manner as to bend your knees and injure equilibrium. It is sad but true--dancing is really one of the highest Arts--especially on a steamer at sea. The orchestra was tip-tip. Violins had joined the throng and we had reams of fun.

Hilarity stopped at 11 pm and I slept like a log.

May 31, Monday--3rd day out--more and more wind--more and more sea.

Was walking on 1st deck, just rounded a corner in time to see a fat man at the next corner completely sapped by a huge boulder wave which came over and licked the window panes. Poor lad ran like a whipped puppy dog. However, in this case again, an inch was as good as a mile. Again I did my lunch justice. We had queer green soup, must have been spinach. They had a plate of about 6 different mixtures of cold meat, funny bologna kinds, called Danish sausage, Swedish sausage and nearly every nationality well represented. Their cheeses are varied, some queer looking varieties with many funny holes. I came up to the writing room to write and an old girl got quite chummy with me. She really was a scream and I got tips about all the royalty of Europe from King Edward, the Czar and wife of the Crown Prince of Sweden who ran away to Paris with an artist.

My writing gets more shaky, the waves become more mountainous but still--I carry on. Dinner was still rougher. We ventured in the smoking room. Before I went in I ran around the deck and bumped into the doctor. Fine looking. Nice Danish rosy cheeks and white teeth. The only obstacle was the missing hair on the top of his head. Poor boy. He could hardly speak English, but we talked anyway. He took me down on the stern of

the boat. There we saw an interesting couple, "Stormy love" he called as the waves took us up till the propellers pounded out of water then down again we'd go. It was fun. I was sorry I had to run away to dress for dinner. We really don't dress very much anyway. Just dinner dresses. Again we danced to-night and the doctor danced with me. He dances very well on a big sea. Sometimes we were suspended in mid air then we'd come down plunk. He was expert and you wouldn't even know the Atlantic was misbehaving. We all had fun but the air got a bit thick and so did my head so I decided it was time to go. I retired in a hurry and only got nicely curled when Miss Lavis suddenly arose crying "Ge Gods," but at length was all right and lay down again. Our neighbours in the next room (were not enjoying themselves) hooped her up and we went to sleep to the lull of strained music.

June 1, Tuesday--4 day out and nearly all out.

There were a great many missing at breakfast. The only thing I missed was because I was late and could only have a grapefruit. Since I have indulged in an apple and cherries. Sounds great doesn't it? Elise tells me she was nearly a goner. The seas are great. Huge waves that splash into foam and pretty green patches. the waves from the boat are green and white like marble. Last night we watched them and you could see the phosphorous shine like stars on the water which seemed like black velvet. To-day seems promising--more sick people as its beastly

rough. I'm sitting on the lower deck, in a frightful breeze. It is somewhat warmer as we've hit the Gulf stream--and we hit it pretty hard too. The decks are all roped in. One thing I have decided. An ocean trip is not for mother. Spent the afternoon playing bridge with two girls from Missouri not in our party, Ruth Spangberg and Emily Wyatt. It was fun, I like them peeps. Ruth looks like Eva Rutherford but her voice is somewhat different. Before dinner I took my first salt bath. The water didn't seem so bad but yea gods the soap might have been a stone from all the suds I got from it. You seem to get out stickier than when you climbed in.

While playing bridge after the best dinner ever (pudding reeking of wine!!) someone said "Did you see the letter to you on the Bulletin board." I went down to have a look. By jove there was,--and from Wynn. The little devil forgot my name on the envelope but it got me just the same. She sent me a darling handkerchief.

June 2, Wednesday--5th day--and what a contrast--just like the Georgian Bay. Sunny and warm.

The band are doing their stuff and all the invalids show signs of life. Ain't nature grand? Our table was filled for the first time during lunch, everyone appearing, some for the first time. Miss Cronin, Edson, and myself appeared on deck and I played my first game of shuffleboard. You have long sticks with

a crook on the end which fits on round wooden blocks which you shove on the deck to a score marked on the deck. I was badly beaten but we had fun. Miss Edson proved the champion. While in the smoking room every one rushed to the window to see an iceberg. It was most exciting as they are rare in these parts. We watched for ages. It was some miles away but seemed to tower on the horizon, a blue and white colour mass. Everyone ran to the windows and were thrilled to death. It didn't last long, for as we watched it gradually turned into a three masted schooner, and everyone turned away in disgust.

To-night we had our movies in the 3rd cabin dining room. They shoed very interesting views of Denmark. It proved to show that the women did most of the field work for their old men. One noticed they all drank out of the same beer(?) bottle at meal hour. They had a story but it was in Danish so you had to make the best of the movie. There was a Felix comedy and we enjoyed that. Afterwards I played bridge with Miss McKinstry our director, wasn't I smart.

June 3, Thursday, 6th day--the King's birthday at sea--and I didn't even hear the bugle blow for breakfast.

It was Cobhs birthday to-day and they had her stateroom and deck chair all decorated with flags and flowers. My being very hungry fed on apples and cherries until soup appeared. It was very rough so I was safe even after all that and was not sea



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